O had they in that darkſome *priſon* died,
Then had they ſeen the *period* of their ill;
Then *Colatine* againe by *Lucrece* ſide,
In his cleere *bed* might haue repoſed ſtill:
But they muſt ope this bleſſed league to kill:
And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their ſight,
Muſt ſell her *ioy*; her *life*, her *worlds delight*.

Her lilly *hand* her *roſie* cheekes lies vnder,
Coozening the *pillow* of a lawfull kiſſe;
Who therefore angry ſeemes to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſſe.
Between whoſe hils her head intombed is.
Where like a vertuous *monument* ſhe lies;
To be admir'd of lewd vnhallowed *eyes*.

Without the *bed* her other faire *hand* was,
On the greene *couerlet*, whoſe perfect *white*
Show'd like an April *dazie* on the *graſſe*,
With pearly ſwet, resembling dew of *night*.
Her *eyes* like *Marigolds* had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkneſſe ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the *day*.

Her *haire* like golden *threeds* plaid with her *breath*
O modeſt *wantons*; wanton *modeſty*!
Showring *Lifes* triumph in the *map* of *death*,
And *deaths* dim looke in *liues* mortality.
Each in her ſleepe themſelues ſo beautifie,
As if betweene them twaine there were no ſtrife,
But that life liu'd in *death*, and death in *life*.

Her *breſts* like iuory *globes* circled with *blew*,
A paire of *maiden worlds* vnconquered:
Saue of their *Lord* no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by *oath* they truly honoured.
These *worlds* in *Tarquin* new ambition bred.
Who like a foule *extortioner* went about

What could he ſee but mightily he *noted*?
What did he *note*, but *ſtrongly* he *deſired*?
What he *beheld*, on that he firmly *doted*,
And in his *will* his wilfull *eye* he tired.
With more than *admiration* he admired
Here azure *veines*, her *alabaſter* skinne,
Her *corall lips*, her *ſnow-white* dimpled chin.

As the grim *Lion* fawneth ore his *prey*,
Sharpe hunger by the *conqueſt* ſatisfied:
So ore this ſleeping *ſoule* doth *Tarquin* ſtay,
His rage of *luſt* by gazing qualified.
Slackt, not ſuppreſt, for ſtanding by her ſide,
His *eye* which late this *mutiny* reſtraines,
Vnto a greater *vprore* tempts his veines.

And they like ſtragling *ſlaues* for pillage fighting,
Obdurate *vaſſals* fell exploits effecting:
In bloudy *death* and *rauiſhment* delighting,
Nor *childrens teares*, nor *mothers grones* reſpecting,
Swell in their *pride*, the onſet ſtill expecting.
Anon his beating *heart* alarum ſtriking,
Giues the hot *charge* and bids them do their liking.

His *drumming heart* cheares vp his *burning eye*,
His *eye* commends the leading to his hand:
His *hand* as proud of ſuch a *dignity*,
Smoaking with *pride*, marcht on to make his *ſtand*
On her bare *breaſts*, the *heart* of all her land,
Whoſe rankes of blew *veins* as his hand did ſcale,
Left their round *turrets* deſtitute and pale.

They muſtering to the quiet *Cabinet*,
Where their deare *gouerneſſe* and *Lady* lies,
Doe tell her ſhe is dreadfully beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their *cries*:
She much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp *eyes*:
Who peeping forth this *tumult* to behold